

**just drowning  
another day**

**privateword**

## **just drowning another day** by privateword

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**Summary:**

Pennywise may not exist here but things will never be okay in Derry, Maine.

Beverly Marsh has her own personal hell.

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Auburn hairs lay shuffled in the sink, droplets of water turning it brownish in palette, seeping into the drain. Her tears mixing in.

This is what he did to her. It's his fault.

Her stomach dropped into an endless pit, her lungs tightened. Beverly tucked short loose strands behind her ear, she felt like a child again. Short hair, red eyes burning more and more, giving her a headache.

She hid her bruises with pale swipes of foundation.

The walk back to her room was the worst, she had been worried he heard her whimpers and rough words of anger, constantly checking over her shoulder for any slight movement. Maybe he did hear but he hadn't come yet.

Television spewing words she couldn't comprehend at that moment. The patters of rain on the window tucked behind the spider webs blurring the noise.

She took short breaths through her mouth, learning over time not to use her nose. It was shaky and not perfect but it was breathing. As long as she was breathing.

Dull creaks echoed through the house, these stairs were plagued with noise. Her fingers reached for her hair, grasping air before locating one of the strands she had earlier placed neatly behind her ear.

She played with it, moving it back and forth between her fingers as she carefully walked. She was nearly at her bedroom door now, just a few more steps.

"Bev, darling, is that you?"

In that second a lot of things happened. Hair ripped out of her scalp. Her cheeks turning a purplish shade. Her loose hand inherently scraped against the wood of the stairs.

She knew what would come next. This put her in a place between knowing calm and pure fear. Her body became still, frozen, trapped in a position she knew too well.

Her neck stiffly turned to her father.

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*Her name was Beverly Marsh and in the hold of softly wrinkled hands and sweat is where she found her personal hell.*

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